

Ask

by Miyo-chan02

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Summary: The Book of Dragons is created by Bork for the sake of understanding dragons. It is something easy for Hiccup to learn and even to reconstruct. However, if even Odin wasn't able to construct a book for understanding women, is it possible for Hiccup to understand Astrid? -oneshot-

Ask

" **Ask** "

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Hiccup** w****as**** a loser**. "Well that's a very brief and fitting description, thank you very much" he says to no one in particular, wearing one of his blank faces.

The above statement is a statement that's been lingering in his mind for a while now " not because it is spoken by Snotlout but probably because that one statement generates too many questions for his mind to handle.

Currently, the said viking, is in his room staring at the sketchy ceiling. The lantern by his working table is not the brightest light source but it gives him enough light to make out the ceiling's intricate details. However, the design of the ceiling serves no purpose for his thoughts are flying to somewhere beyond.

"They were right though,"again he speaks but in a different tone, letting his voice disappear to thin air.

Weeks ago, he is a loser. Days ago, he injures a night fury, befriends it, understands dragons, becomes a celebrity, almost gets killed, and loses his left leg. And hours ago, the village is celebrating a banquet with the dragons in celebration of gaining peace with them. But aside from all those craziness, one of the things he fails to forget is getting a kiss from his long time crush, "Astrid Hofferson." Her name slowly rolls out of his lips.

"Why... is this so important to you all of a sudden?"

"Because I wanna remember what you say, right now."

He groans. That flashback makes it harder for him to think.

The sound of a heavy inhuman breathing catches his attention. "Did I wake you bud?" Hiccup gets up from his wooden bed and sits on the side to look at Toothless.

The said dragon moves around a bit but stays on his stone bed. He blinks his large green eyes and gives his rider's new leg a look.

Hiccup, noticing where his dragon's gaze fell, chuckles and speaks. "Nah it's not the prosthetic that's bothering me. Don't worry."

The night fury tilts its head, questioning him more. The viking tries to hide his worries with a smile but gets a scowl from Toothless. Sighing but with a bigger smile, Hiccup admits, "Of course it bothers me in all honesty. But you know, I'll get used to it." He slowly stands, evidently experiencing difficulty with his new leg. Toothless immediately helps him retrieve his balance. "And you know, I don't regret that battle with the Red Death."

Toothless lightly bumps Hiccup's chest with his snout "touched" but not convinced with the explanation. He slaps him with his ear.

"Oww, oww! What a way to treat someone's who's still healing," Hiccup retorts as he blows the light of the lantern.

The darkness makes it hard but Hiccup sees Toothless make a face as if saying You know what I mean so spill it. He interprets it with no difficulty and decides to lay back on his bed. He chuckles. It's funny how the language barrier does not seem to exist between the two of them. "You know what Bud? Let's say dragons are easier to understand than women."

Toothless makes a response and dozes off for the night.

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Astrid Hofferson is violent. The female viking stares at her reflection in the mirror. Despite the moon, being the only source of light, she manages to see herself in detail. Blonde hair, blue eyes, and a freckled face, only a smile's missing but she chooses to

frown.

Being Astrid, she can be good in other things â€" a lot of things, but is terribly challenged when it comes to the gentleness department. Born as a viking, the only way she knows how to handle things is through fighting.

It's not a matter of winning or losing, but it is a matter of fighting for something â€" a matter of proving one's might, worth and dignity with strength, agility, focus, knowledge, hardwork and a combination of all.

However, none of those things seem to be possessed by the chief's only son. This frustrates her in a way.

"Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III," she says in a lethal way while grabbing her favorite axe. Realizing that she used the usual tone in saying his name, she immediately drops the axe. Astrid sighs while blowing air upward to play with her fringe.

That usual dangerous way of saying his name feels so foreign now. "I meant... Hiccup... just Hiccup." This time she says his name in the most affectionate way. It is very different from what she got used to, but it manages to make her smile.

The male viking of her age is famous â€" and that is for messing things up for everyone. "That was before though," she says as she lets her figure sink on her bed's fluff; her weight shifted on her left side.

Now, Hiccup is the village's hero â€" the peacemaker between the vikings and the dragons; the first viking to ever ride a dragon. She smiles at her own words bouncing back on her memory. Astrid shifts her position again, this time facing the ceiling, allowing herself to drown in her thoughts more.

He once was a loser, and yet she is unable to take her eyes off him. Astrid reaches out to the air before her, and stares at her calloused palm. "He has changed."

Everyone, especially the teens are mean to Hiccup â€" taunting him for his failure, and attempts on becoming somebody he's not. Though Astrid does not agree with the way they treat him, she refuses to do something about it. It's not that she enjoys watching him with his downed shoulders and disappointed face, but it is because, "I probably wanted to see him prove himself."

She drops her hand to the side as her eyebrows meet in annoyance. She is not the best person to ever be with him either. Back in the arena, she also said some things to him, "It's not like I didn't mean any of it." It comes out as a whisper while she closes her eyes.

In truth, she wants to see this young man succeed on his own, but seeing him lose focus in the arena enrages her. They are dealing with dragons back there, they can die any moment, any second â€" especially with Gobber's way of training.

A sigh escapes her lips, letting tension out of her body. Of course she means whatever she said to him, but somehow, she feels guilty with her own treatment with him.

She can never be gentle and that is her only way of telling him things. That is the only way she knows how.

It doesn't help that he suddenly gets skilled in the arena. Everyone is in shock " and so is she. But it isn't amazing for her. She would be a hypocrite to not admit that what he does in there is amazing but something smells fishy about all of it.

He suddenly becomes good " in days. And aside from that, Hiccup always flees away from the scene after each training session. "It was as if he was running away from something " from everyone."

And of course she is right. It isn't the most expected secret but it is something she can finally call amazing.

It is thanks to that dragon " Toothless - that she is able to apologize to him. For the first time in her life, she finally lets go of her pride and does something gentle " say something gentle. It is the first time that, she is able to express whatever's inside her differently. It is the first time she realizes how she feels.

Whatever comes next is like haywire. She kisses him, everyone finds out about Toothless, they do something crazy, the Red Death, Hiccup almost losing his life, then for the second time, she kisses him.

Astrid gets up from her bed with a blush. "I... need to go somewhere."

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Despite hearing the dragon's sound sleep and seeing nothing but the dimness of his room, Hiccup finds it difficult to flush his thoughts away. He closes his eyes for Odin-knows-how-many'th time.

Of course he is delighted, but what accompanies this delight is confusion.

Astrid is this girl he has a crush on. He is used to living his life by staring at her slow-motion-fire-fighting scene or doing something cool and heroic. When they are training for the kill, all his attempts to talk to her are rejected. In fact, their interaction turns for the worse when he is taming dragons in the arena. It becomes something competitive mostly on her part, and of course he couldn't blame her.

But things take another turn once she discovers his secret and he takes her on the flight. Finally they are able to understand each other. Then after that, things just become, unexplainable. "I wish there was a 'Book of Astrid'."

He places an arm over his closed eyelids. His eyebrows furrow in frustration. He realizes that just thinking about Astrid's trail of thought wouldn't help but, it's the only thing he is capable of doing

right now. Or rather, it's the only thing he can do right now.

"Why are girls so hard to figure out?"

"Cause you are not supposed to figure them out, you have to ask."

Toothless's ears perk sensing someone. Realizing who it is, he just lays low and pretends to get some more sleep.

Hiccup sighs, "I know. But it's not that easy to ask that to Astrid. Actually, I don't even know what that is."

"You do know what to ask. You're just having difficulty with how."

"Yeah..."

Hiccup's eyes suddenly flung open as he quickly gets up. "A-a-astrid, heeeey Astrid, hey Astrid, hey. Hey Astrid. Hey... Astrid? What are you doing here?" he asks but feels a bit dizzy for getting up too abruptly.

Astrid, with half of her figure visible from the Haddock window, smirks. "Are you sure that's what you're going to ask me? I'm pretty sure you have some more questions."

Hiccup, unable to say anything just stares at her with blinking eyes and pressed lips.

Astrid rolls her eyes, "It would probably be a good choice to either let me in, or you get out of there."

The two decide to talk outside in thoughts of not disturbing Toothless and even Stoick at the lower floor. They end up walking on a field that's not too distant from their homes, after all, Hiccup's still adjusting with his new leg.

"So?" Astrid asks as they both take a seat facing the sea.

The male viking jolts a bit upon hearing that one word. "You can't sleep too?" He excuses and looks at the ground they're sitting on.

Astrid stops herself from rolling her eyes at him again. "You could say that. But someone else is having trouble sleeping as well."

Hiccup clears his throat. He thinks that this situation is supposed to make things easier for him. He can get answers, he can get the thoughts off his mind, and he can get some sleep. However, as he said before, asking Astrid is never easy.

He himself is confused. Is he supposed to ask her what their relationship is? Or is he supposed to ask her what the kiss is for? He feels that he'd die from her hands once he asks that second question. Aside from all that, he is also hesitant.

Does he really want to know what her answers are? What if those things didn't really mean anything? Is he supposed to feel this way?

Or all of those are just normal things Astrid can do to other people â€” other men.

The more he questions, the more he grows frustrated.

Astrid, through the silence overcomes to sense his frustrations. Of course she doesn't know the exact thoughts of this young man but she is at least aware of what this is all about. She sighs, "Look I—"

"No," Hiccup interrupts and looks at her this time. He tries to maintain a balanced breathing and a stable ray of thoughts. "Look I... I like you."

Astrid, expecting a question takes his words like a catapult. "Wait, wait what!?" It's now her turn to lose grasp of words. Her face burns and her actions remain frantic. "W-we're talking about questions, Hiccup. I am asking you what you want to ask me."

Hiccup scratches the back of his head, messing his hair a bit in the process, "I know, I know. But I think asking questions will continue to generate more questions than answers. Right now, I think it's best to tell you that."

The blonde viking breathes out the nervousness and shock she feels, while Hiccup silently waits for her next words. The wait doesn't take long. "Then will you let me ask a question?"

He nods in response.

It is Astrid's turn to swallow, "Don't you hate me?"

The young Haddock's eyes widen. "Hate you? Of course not, didn't I just tell you... that yeah I did right?" He trails in his words refusing to repeat his confession with a blush.

Astrid coughs a bit and returns to her question. "Didn't we treat you really roughly back then? I know, I did," she pauses.

"Aren't you mad that... all of a sudden, just because you took me riding and flying, I treat you better? Aren't you mad that, you're having this conversation with me? Aren't you mad that I am confusing you? Aren't you mad that... I kissed you?" The last question comes out softly and hesitant.

Hiccup watches the guilt form in Astrid's features. Her eyebrows knit together, her lips press inward and her blue eyes become moist. "I could've been mad, but I chose not to."

Her expression softens as she looks straight at Hiccup, loving the sight of his forgiving green eyes under the moonlight. It feels as if something really heavy has been lifted off her chest, "I'm sorry. For everything."

The lad smiles upon feeling Astrid relax. "Thank you, Astrid."

Now that things became clearer, the young Haddock stands and dusts off her skirt. She looks down at Hiccup and offers him her hand, "Need a hand princess?" she jests.

Hiccup chuckles and takes her hand.

"By the way, Hiccup? I only kiss guys that I like."

He almost falls down by surprise with her remark. He smiles shyly as he grasps her hand firmly. "Sounds good."

Astrid rakes her fringe and looks at him again, "Are you okay with someone like me who's not gentle?"

His smile gets wider, "That is if you're okay with me who's a loser."

****FIN****

****Author's Notes****

Finally, I'm done! I've always wanted to make a fanfic focused on Astrid. Though the movie made it seem so abrupt (she falling for Hiccup), there are some subtle signs in the movie that she's been noticing him. Added to that, in the series, she was commenting how she always loved Hiccup as a loser " further proving this.

By the way, this fic takes place right after the first movie, before the start of series (Riders of Berk).

Oh and, this is my first Hiccstrid fic sooo yeah xD

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file.